

The Library

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Summary: Takano and Ritsu are the only ones left in the office, and after they reminisce about the time they slept together in the library in secret ten years prior, it seems there's only one thing to do-recreate the scene.

The Library

Takano whacked Ritsu on the head with a stack of papers as he walked by him, his voice stern. "Focus on your work, Onodera!"

Ritsu grumbled and rubbed his head, glaring at the black haired man. Where did he get off on hitting him anyway? "I am! I was just thinking."

"Unless it's about me or manga its not important." Takano said, his voice dropping to a whisper as he bent down beside Ritsu.

Ritsu swallowed as his cheeks turned red. He hated blushing so easily, but when Takano got this close to him he couldn't help it. His head felt all cloudy. Coughing, Ritsu shook his head. "I was thinking about manga. Kind of. I heard that the best selling author Akihiko Usami was in today, and I was wondering if I'd missed him."

Takano's dark eyebrows raised. He knew of Usami- he was one of the best selling authors Marukawa had, and his books always sold hundreds of thousands on the first day. "How'd you find that out?"

"I heard it from the girls down at reception." He said, flicking his light brown hair out of his face. Ritsu couldn't help but be distracted, he was excited at the idea of meeting Akihiko. "Will we get to see him?"

Takano nodded. "I suppose so. He probably wont come here though, so we might have to go hunting for him if you want to see him, and quickly since its nearly time to finish up."

Ritsu bowed his head and blushed. "O-Oh, no, I don't want to bother him."

"Why should you be embarrassed? Sure, he's not our department, but if you want to meet him then you should. Maybe he'll sign something, I don't know." Takano shrugged. "What novel is he here for?"

"I think it's for the latest release of one of his BL ones, actually." Ritsu chuckled and shook his head. "I love his novels, but I started his BL series about a month ago and it's really good."

"Aren't they a bit raunchy for you?" Takano snickered. "You're always so jittery about sex in real life."

Ritsu's face turned beetroot. "H-Hey! Shut up! I'm not jittery, it's just around you because you're practically always forcing yourself on me! Besides, the characters' have a much more adventurous lifestyle than me. Hotels, the apartment, a Ferris wheel, the elevator...he hardly ever writes it just in the bedroom."

Takano feigned shock and moved his hand onto Ritsu's thigh under the desk. "Maybe I should read his books, see if I can guess what bit you liked best."

"Hey, stop it!" Ritsu gasped, blushing furiously. Takano's hand was high on his thigh now and Ritsu groaned quietly, trying to push him off without making a big deal. Why was he doing this at work? Did he not realize how dangerous that was? Of course, it was only they two left in the office, since they were finishing up, but that was no excuse really. Takano leaned forward and kissed Ritsu, his large hand snaking into his hair. He parted the younger man's lips with his tongue, and Ritsu's eyes fluttered, drinking in the taste of Takano. Then he got a hold of himself and, with a shove, pushed himself back and took some deep breaths. "Why did you have to do that?"

Takano chuckled and smiled at him, resting his head on his fist. "I couldn't help it. You're just so cute."

"Stop it, can't you save it for when we're home?" He grumbled, trying to forget the lingering warmth Takano's hand left on his thigh.

"Why wait till then?" Takano turned the lights off and locked the door, and walked up to Ritsu, wrapping his large arms around him. He nipped at his ear, his cool breath making Ritsu shiver in more ways than one. "Do you remember that time when we were in the library? I shut the blinds, turned off the lights..."

Ritsu's breath caught in his throat and he curled his hands around Takano's arms, making a feeble attempt to pull away. He knew exactly what night Takano was talking about. He remembered the exhilaration of the risk, the contrast of the rough floor and Takano's smooth large hands, always holding him and touching him, leaving nothing but tingling and shivers in their path. He could still remember the look in his senpai's eyes as he took him, still feel their lips pressed together, the sound of Takano's moans in his ear drowning out all noise from outside. Boy, did he remember. "I have no idea what you're talking about. Now, get off me! And open up the door, we have a train to catch!"

Takano's hands pulled Ritsu's hoody off his body slowly, leaving him in just his shirt. He could hear Ritsu starting his usual string of complaints, but as he moved his hands under the shirt and up his chest, his finger's playfully tweaking his nipples, they'd been silenced. He kissed down his neck, inhaling as he did so. He loved the smell of Ritsu, it reminded him of warmth and love and cast him back ten years ago when he was first growing accustomed to holding him in his arms. He could hear every shaky breath leave the smaller man's mouth as his teeth grazed across the soft skin of his neck, a promise of what had yet to come.

"T-Takano...we can't..." He stuttered out, letting out a moan as he felt a large hand rub him through his trousers. He automatically leaned into the touch and let out a small cry as more pressure was applied. "Stop it..."

Takano's free hand unbuttoned Ritsu's shirt. He let his fingertips trail all down his chest, tickling his skin, until he reached the waist band of his trousers. He popped the button open. "I want you."

Ritsu was shocked when he found himself sitting on the floor facing Takano. His legs were wrapped around Takano's hips, and he felt a wandering hand hold him at his waist as soft lips covered his. Somehow his own hand had become entangled in that black hair and he pulled him closer, tasting, breathing, enveloping himself in Masamune until his head span.

"Takano..." He breathed, tilting his head back as a tongue swiped over his nipple. He felt that mouth all over his body, biting and sucking wherever it landed, the shots of pain masked only by a quick lap of his tongue after it. He could feel himself being marked, Takano leaving his sign all over his body, proof that Ritsu couldn't pretend it never happened. Heat had spread through his body, burning his insides until it felt like he was melting. Takano's hands and mouth roamed over him, stoking the fire. He felt his jeans and underwear being pulled off and cast aside, until he was unbearably naked in front of him. "Takano, I-I need..."

"I know." Masamune laid him down on the floor silently, and nuzzled his neck. He lifted a finger to Ritsu's mouth and slipped it in, watching the younger man blush and close his eyes while he sucked. He withdrew his fingers and planted a feathery kiss on each of Ritsu's eyelids, his voice soothing. "Just relax."

Ritsu breathed shakily as Masamune entered him with a finger. He forced himself to relax, trying to time his breaths as Takano pumped it a few times and then slipped in another. The stretch was a bit painful and he hissed, but Takano's soothing voice was always in his ear, calming him, helping him, and he was able to allow him access again. Masamune's fingers felt around, scissoring as they stretched, until they hit Ritsu's prostate, and he shuddered.

"A-Ah," He said, as Takano's fingers started to lightly rub at his prostate. It was sending shivers all down his spine, teasing him to the point he didn't think he could take it any more. He looked at him with tears in his eyes, his voice so quiet Masamune had to strain to hear it. "Takano..."

Takano grunted in response and pulled down his own jeans, fighting the desire to take Ritsu right there and then. He didn't have lube on him, but he did have a small tub of Vaseline in his jacket pocket. He grabbed it and quickly scooped some out, covering himself with it—he'd went in dry before and it hurt him to see how painful it was for Ritsu. It was better than nothing, in any case. He looked at Ritsu lying before him, flushed and naked, looking at him with those huge green eyes and tear stains on his face, muttering his name, and kissed him.

"I love you, Ritsu." He aligned himself and kissed him again, their tongues pushing against each other, the familiar give and take that he'd grown to love. Ritsu's hands were on his back, pulling him closer, as close as he could. Takano pushed into him slowly, groaning as he felt the warmth of Ritsu encase him. He murmured sweet nothings into his ears as he pushed in fully and withdrew a few times, getting Ritsu accustomed.

"T-Tankano-san!" Ritsu gasped, closing his eyes. He could feel himself be filled up, feel his heartbeat pulse in his own neck, hear the groans of his lover in his ear. The pain stung, nipping at him and his insides, but he forced it away, focusing on only the please he was giving Masamune, and the pleasure he would soon feel himself.

"I love you." He said as his hips began to buck, despite his attempts to hold back. He grunted and held Ritsu's waist as he thrust into him, loosing himself in the sensation.

Ritsu cupped his face, pain searing up his back as he lay on the floor. "The floor, i-it hurts my back, Takano-san."

Immediately Takano scooped his hand under Ritsu's back and lifted him up into sitting position. He shifted them until Ritsu's legs were wrapped around his hips, both of them sitting on the floor, Takano still inside him. He used one hand to support himself, and placed the other on Ritsu's hip. "Then we'll do it like this."

Ritsu stopped, blush flooding his face. He'd never been on top before, and he had no idea what to do. Tears of humiliation were threatening to spill over, and he ducked his head. "I-I cant..."

Takano tilted his head up with a finger and kissed him softly. "Yes, you can. Just slide up and down. I promise, you'll be fine."

Ritsu took a steady breath and placed his hands on Takano's chest. He lifted his body up tentatively and slid it back down, surprised to see Takano shiver beneath him, his fingers digging deeper into Ritsu's hip. He closed his eyes and repeated the motion, this time picking up speed. It was a few tries before he managed to pick up a rhythm, but when his hips slid back down for the fifth time, he hit his prostate, and pleasure rolled through him. Ritsu gasped and dug his fingers into Takano's chest, his hips moving frantically now. Each time he came down he was met with more pleasure, and moans he hadn't meant to release left his mouth.

"Fuck, Ritsu." Takano gasped, bucking his hips in time with Ritsu's descent. "You need to top more often."

"Shut up." He said, slamming back down. It was as if he lost the ability to control his own body as he rode Takano. He felt a hand move from his hip to his member, and he gasped as Takano began to stroke him, his finger rubbing teasingly over his shaft, the sensation making him grunt and close his eyes.

"Ung, Ritsu..." Masamune choked out, looking at the skinny man atop him. Ritsu had his eyes closed, his back arched as his hips rolled, filling himself up with Takano. Sweat glistened down his body, sticking his hair to his face, and his cheeks were flushed red with effort; he was easily the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen. He quickened his stroke, knowing that he was about to come. "Keep going."

Ritsu slammed down with a final grunt and watched Takano's body convulse beneath him, shuddering as he came. Ritsu himself then doubled over, letting out a cry as he came into Takano's hand. He slid off Masamune and collapsed on top of him, feeling the older man's strong arms wrap around him. He felt those lips covering his face, his neck, his hair, and again he found himself dumbstruck at how those hands held him so gently.

Takano whispered in his ear. "Even better than the library. My Ritsu's all grown up."

My Ritsu. Ritsu sank against him, burying his face in Masamune's neck. "Saga-senpai."

Takano blinked at the use of his old nickname, then grinned and laughed, planting a kiss on Ritsu's head. "Oda or Onodera, you'll always be my Ritsu."

End
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